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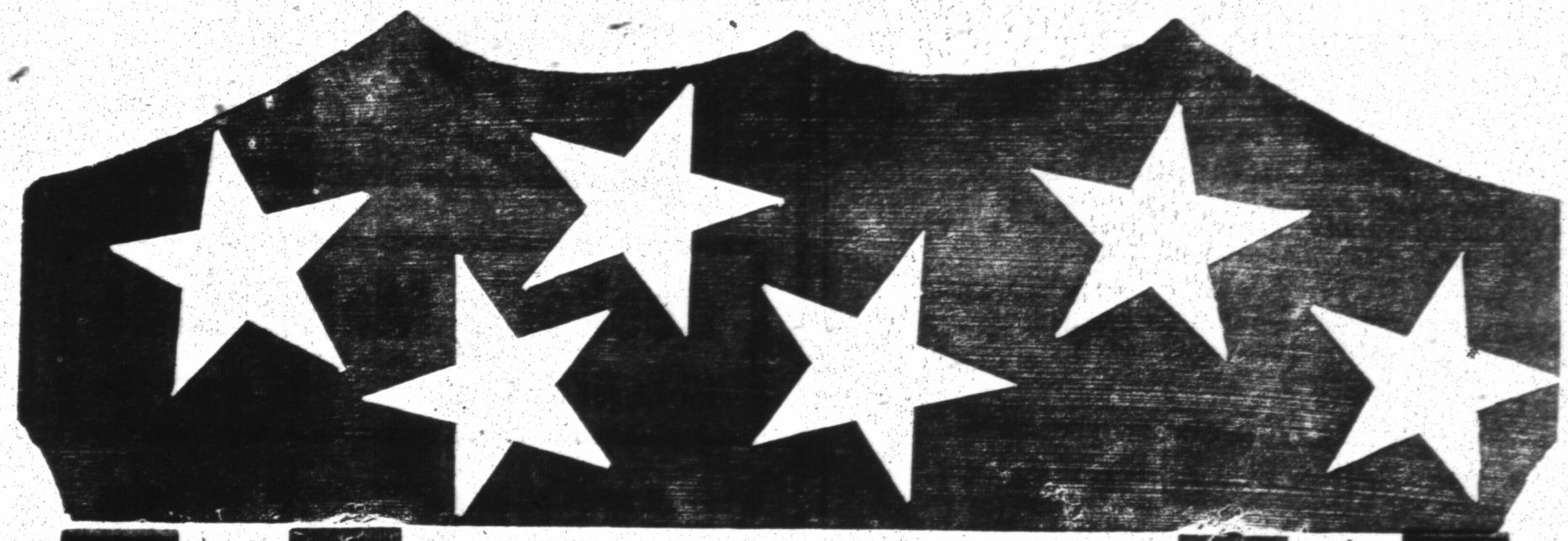

The Californian

Armistice Day Edition

Auspices Carmel Legion Auxiliary

Samuel G. Blythe Don Blanding Frederick Bechdolt

Kathrine Brocklebank Rev. Homer Bodley

Hal Garrott Nap MacKintosh Hairs Winsor Josselyn

Sunbeams Editor Sunset School Tom Thienes

Price Ten Cents

POINT LOBOS

Line after line the green battalions of the sea
Charge to defeat against the fortress of the land;
Charge and retreat in white surrender to the sand;
Troops of a war in which no armistice can be.

Year after year the waves in wild unceasing roar
Bludgeon and beat the silent black defending rocks,
Counting as victory ten thousand thundered shocks
To gain one grain of sand torn from the shore.

DON BLANDING.
From Songs of the Seven Senses
(Permission of the Author)

AS THOUGH THE DOVE OF PEACE

Played by the band, the strains of "The Unknown Soldier" fill the room;
Outside, the sun shines brightly, there lies no hint of gloom;
The softly singing sea tells naught of submarine or cannonade,
Or of that nauseous stench by poison gases made:
A white gull soars aloft against the cloudless sky,
Like golden wine the crisp November air.
'Tis almost as though the dove of Peace were hovering there;
I think of you, so loyal, so true, and thank God for your safe return;
Then, my hearts drips pity, for those whose men came not home again,
Those men, in the memory of whom, our dignitaries place wreaths upon the tomb
Of the "Unknown Soldier" today!

Nov. 1936 NAN MACKINTOSH HAIRS.

AMERICAN RED CROSS ACCOMPLISHES MUCH

This being the American Legion Auxiliary edition of The Californian, in commemoration of the signing of the peace treaty in the World War, it is but right that American Red Cross should be mentioned for the great work accomplished by that organization in the field and at home for the wounded, the families of veterans and for the enlisted men. That work has continued all through the years since the conflict closed and still Red Cross chapters are aiding veterans and their families throughout the world, wherever the Stars and Stripes fly.

On Wednesday, Armistice Day, the Annual Roll Call of Red Cross was inaugurated and an earnest effort is being made during the next two weeks to enroll memberships for Red Cross in even greater numbers than heretofore. Supplementing this additional Relief Fund to continue aid to undernourished children, the aged, unemployed, sick, etc.

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MILK 3 tall cans **20c**

The Californian

Formerly The Carmel Sun

The Californian was First Published in 1846 in Monterey and was the First Newspaper Published on the Pacific Coast

VOLUME NO. 4 | CARMEL, CALIF., THURSDAY, NOV. 12, 1936 | NUMBER 42

An Armistice Impression

By Samuel G. Blythe

I was at the war, not in it, from the day it began until the day it finished, not continuously, of course, for I made several trips to the United States, but practically. I was in London when war was declared, and in Paris when it ended. Between those momentous days, more than four years apart, I saw a lot of war, in all its aspects, from taking part in the complicated negotiations in Peking to get China in on our side to the stark and terrible realities of it in the bloody battles on the various fronts.

After all this welter of war—across Siberia in a troop train, the Russian army in the retreat from Warsaw, the tremendous demonstration in Petrograd on the day Italy came into the war, the Marne, Belgium, the defense of Paris, our fleet in the Frith of Forth, our mine layers in the North Sea, a long trip in one of our submarines going out from Queenstown looking for German ships we did not find, with the destroyers, with the English, the Australians, the Canadians, the French, with the Americans at St. Mihel, and in the Argonne, at the various headquarters—more than four years of it, and weeks at the Peace Conference afterward, I came back with a great blur of impressions, recollections, vivid incidents, slaughter, suffering, death in its most horrible forms, triumphs in their most exalted and patriotic enthusiasms.

Also, I came back with the inexorable conviction, gained at first hand, that war, for any cause or in any form, is civilization's greatest, most horrendous crime against humanity. The glory of war is a fantasy fostered by politicians, munitions makers, and profiteers.

As the years have passed many of the incidents and experiences have dropped from my recollection, but there are many that remain, and one of these is Armistice Day in Paris. Hundreds of thousands of words have been written about the frenzied joy of Paris when the order: "Cease Firing" came—Paris which for all those dreadful years had been on the edge of the combat; France where those enormous armies had struggled back and forth across blood-soaked fields. And it was a vast and moving spectacle of jubilant celebration not only of a happy, but of a triumphant people.

I watched the cheering people who thronged the streets and squares, mingled with them, shouted with them, and even danced with them, and it was a great show, but the impression, the recollection that remains came at dusk. For four years and more Paris, like every other settlement in the war zone everywhere—Paris the brilliant, the gay, the illuminated—had been sepulchral in its darkness at night. Not a light. Every window shuttered and curtained. People groping about in the obscurity. A crime to light even a match out of doors.

Then, on that Armistice night, when dusk came on, Paris blazed with light. Light! The streets were glorious with light. The parks, and squares were radiant with it. The shutters were thrown back, and the curtains drawn aside. Light! After more than four years of fearsome and Cimmerian darkness. Light! Signifying peace and victory.

The dancing, and singing, and shouting, and marching stopped. All noise ceased. The people, freed from darkness, stood and watched the lights come on. Then, when the city was ablaze again, the cheer that arose in every part of Paris was greater in volume and greater in fervor than the cheer that came when the firing ceased. Paris was herself again. Paris was alight.

LET'S BE AMERICAN

By National Comdr. Colmery

Time has come for the American Legion to give serious thought to our traditional Americanism policy and determine whether certain misguided individuals within our organization are setting a good example of true Americanism.

To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order, and to foster and perpetuate a one hundred per cent Americanism are cardinal principles of The American Legion.

They are written in the preamble to our constitution and, as such, stand as permanent mandates which may be changed or modified only by amending that constitution itself. They solemnly and unequivocally bind every member of the American Legion not only to preach Americanism, but to LIVE it and PRACTICE it.

Americanism, TRUE Americanism, means acceptance of and adherence to ALL of the principles and institutions of our American form or government. We cannot accept only those which coincide with our individual point of view and violate those which do not; and we MUST NOT resort to force to suppress persons or groups whose opinions differ from our own. That is the very esence of UN-AMERICANISM.

The Constitution of the United States guarantees freedom of religion, freedom of speech, freedom of the press, and the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and it declares that congress shall not make any law prohibiting or abridging the free exercise of these sound principles. They are the most American thing in the Constitution. Without these wise provisions we would have no democratic government; indeed, history tells us we would have had no United States of America. It is the sworn obligation of every member of The American Legion to uphold and defend these principles as faithfully, as courageously, and as impartially as every other article of the constitution. We must not deny the right of free speech or peaceable assembly to any person or any group, not even to those whose theories we despise. Our country has enjoyed a greater degree of progress; our people have been blessed by more happiness than any other country or people on earth because this government has maintained the principles of freedom and liberty. We must not do anything to undermine them, however well intended our motives may be.

A PRAYER

Found in Chester Cathedral in England; Dated 1770.

Give me a good digestion, Lord, and also something to digest. Give me a healthy body, Lord, with sense to keep it at its best. Give me a healthy mind, Good Lord, to keep the good and pure in sight; which seeing sin is not appalled but finds a way to set it right. Give me a mind that is not bored; that does not whimper, whine or sigh. Don't et me worry overmuch about the fussy thing called I. Give me a sense of humor, Lord; give me the grace to see a joke; to get some happiness from life and pass it on to other folk.

NOTICE

The editors very much regret that the name of Hal Garrott, contributor of the article "Carmel Not Changed, Says Early Pioneer," found on page fourteen of this issue, appears without the G.

We know that Mr. Garrott, being a newspaper man himself, will understand the aggravations of a lino type.

Anyway, Mr. Garrot wrote the article, it is a good one and we know you will enjoy it.

Join RED CROSS

November 11 to Thanksgiving

The Characteristics of Civilization

By the Writer of SUNBEAMS

Civilization is an elastic and relative term. We of today make vague estimates of when and where civilization began and in doing so we arbitrarily assume a starting point. The emergence of man from the state of what we call barbarism is generally accepted as the chrysalis period between two sharply defined degrees of culture.

In the most primitive state of human existence there was but little difference between the lives of men and animals. Both lived in caves and natural shelters, both predatory, and the inexorable law of the survival of the fittest sharpened the instincts and developed habits.

The chiefest problem to both was the matter of food. Circumstances, necessity or accident discovered to man that certain seeds of grasses were edible and here was born or created the protoplasm of civilization. Agriculture, crude and perfunctory, came into existence. The farmer was our first craftsman, the connecting link between two eras. Human habits, customs and conditions changed rapidly but Human Nature, like the primal granite of the hills, remained unaltered. Love, hatred, jealousy, greed and selfishness, the fundamental motives and characteristics of man, endured with but slight variations through new environment and the comforts created by enlightened intelligence. Self preservation still remained the first Law of Nature.

Among barbaric tribes still existing in Africa, with whom the human cutlets and spare ribs are regarded as choice items of food, there may be found codes of conduct, customs and ceremonies, standards of honor and ethical traditions which should make us of the 20th century civilization blush for our own moral obliquities, insincerity, hypocrisy and selfish self-seeking. Civilization creates a veneer but does not alter the substance.

Since man first learned to till the soil and erect shelter for himself and flocks, millenniums have passed. Civilization, like a contagion, spread

(Continued on page four)

The Californian

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THE CHARACTERISTICS OF CIVILIZATION

(Continued from page three)

and amplified. Individual farmers found solitude depressing, opportunities limited, and for mutual safety got together and formed communities. Communism was the first form of government known in the world. These isolated communities at first sufficed, but changing habits and new necessities made larger units of population requisite to meet the demand of safety and the ever-expanding demands of trade and commerce.

Culture, like civilization, is also a relative term. It is civilization's outward livery, the refinements and embellishments acquired in the slow processes of human progress and evolution. Civilization has not advanced, risen, from the dark caverns of barbaric darkness, in a steady stride of upward triumphs and achievements. Rather, it has developed in successive laminas, or cycles, each one distinct and complete in itself. The path of its progress is like a parabola, a gentle, graceful upward curve, it reaches its apogee and then hurtles in an abrupt plunge to extinction. The ultimate goal of civilization is self-destruction. It builds only to destroy itself. Like the salmon or the eel the cycle of their pilgrimage terminates in the spawning orgy of death. This seems to be in conformity with some inexorable law of destiny.

Archeologists have disvovered in the valleys and plains of Mesopotamia superimposed, one upon another, ruins of great cities, each of which are the toombstones of extinct civilizations. They had their distinctive chronology and culture. Those that perished first spawned before they died leaving heritages of tradition and various tokens of culture which provided patterns and inspiration for the succeeding venture.

It is a safe assumption that in all of the ancient civilizations man attained a smug complacency, regarded his epoch as almost the final expression of mortal efficiency and thought of the preceding generations as old fashioned and unenlightened. So proud were they of their skill, erudition, and progress, the record was written or inscribed in marble and granite. Vast pillars were ornamented with boastful descriptions of prowess and progress. Many of these ancient monuments survive. Many of them serve to astound and confound us with their artistry, ingenuity and magnitude.

Wise men have studied these ruins of antiquity, have pondered over their histories and reconstructed their legends. The story of one is the story of all. Wise men built and demagogues demolished.

Their schemes of government were very similar. At first they were communistic in form, then autocratic with undulations of tyrannies and temporizings, revolutions and changes occurred and democracies eventuated.

Political parties then, as now, were but the Crowd amalgamated into a cohesive unity without losing any of the crowd psychology and basic characteristics. The crowd has only one potential force and that is destruction. The Crowd is incapable of useful, constructive creation. Its only function is to tear down. It operates without reason and has no response to logic or fact. Political parties have always degenerated into the Crowd spirit and reactions. The Crowd acts like a microbe infecting itself and contacts with gangrenous ulcers of unrest and the toxin of selfish greed. When the warp and woof of civilization becomes frayed and rotten, it is always the masses which hasten the dissolution. Civilization perishes and is buried in the ruins of its own magnificence. Ancient Rome and ancient Greece are but the catacombs of civilizations stricken by the Crowd madness engendered by demagogic harangue and political debauchery.

Neither civilization nor culture has materially mellowed or refined the instincts of man. Cruelty, greed, avarice and revenge are the normal and natural predilections of our race. Custom, convenience and expediency have served to repress them. The accumulated experience of a thousand centuries disclose graphically the folly of crome and corruption but it has not in the slightest degree served to eradicate the impulse to pillage, purloin or murder. The beast in man is always latent. The spirit of the Mob is dormant in every crowd. The slightest spark ignites it into a flame of fury and mad destruction

Since the very dawn of human history man has been the prey of man. Demagogues, charlatans and craven mischief makers have flourished and practiced. Civilizations have risen, prospered, attained their maximum prosperity through the genius, sacrifice and heroic struggles of individuals only to fall victim to the collective venom of mass greed and avarice.

We hear in these times the ominous reference to the "will of the majority." What is this will and what is the portent? The majestic ruins of an ancient Greece and Rome is the best prognosis. The "will of the majority" is to demolish, plunder and devastate. It has no conscience, no scruples, no inhibitions.

Mass consciousness has only one objective and that is selfishness premised upon stupidity. It is obsessed with the sense of inferiority and hates with a malignity born of failure and futility. That is the reason why the mob finds pleasure in mutilation of art and the triumphs of genius.

It destroys governments because they are efficient. The public, that is the people or the mass, interprets Liberty as a license. Like the hurricane or the tidal wave, the popular will is a tremendous force but ruin marks its wake.

A harmless but effective new pain killer has been announced by Dr. J. Krevin Leir, of the Medical Center, Jersey City.

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CHRIST AND MARS ARE BIDDING FOR WORLD

By REV. HOMER S. BODLEY

We are not living in an "Atheistic World", much as the forces of Russia or of Sophistication would have us believe. The human soul seeks relief, or leadership, or power from a source or he depends upon that force for security. Such source or force becomes the "God" of a human soul.

Perhaps we should equally emphasize that we are not living in a Christian world. We have not outgrown Religion. Rather, the implications of the Christian Religion have outgrown us. We dare not apply the principles of Christian living to our modern living.

It is much easier to turn backward to an ancient God of Rome, the God "Mars". Europe has already bowed before the throne of Mars today. Communism in Russia with its many good principles, has fallen before the God of Mars, depending upon the forces of War and murder, to do its work. "By war alone can nations fulfill their destiny (Hitler). "War alone brings up to its highest tension all human energy and places the stamp of nobility upon the peoples who have the courage to meet it." (Mussolini). The youth of Europe has turned its whole religious faith and energy to the God of War.

In this America of ours we sow the seed of "Marsian" Religion as we cultivate industrial and commercial nationalism, race prejudice, economic class hatred or personal advantage. War will not end war. Only the principles of Peace will bring an end to war.

Jesus said, "The thief cometh to kill and to destroy. I am come that ye might have life more abundantly." The forces of Christ are Creative, Cooperative, Evolving Change.

Christ's forces were and are directed toward Personality Development. War cannot do that! Christ demands of his followers a sharing of personalities, though that sharing become international. "War and Christianity are utterly incompatible; when a Christian nation goes to war it must lie about itself, its enemy, and its God."

Democracy depends upon the freedom and interchange of thought, political, social, religious. To be a Christian demands more courage, more sacrifice, and more service than to be a follower of Mars. There are many international problems but they will be ultimately and finally solved only through intelligence and consideration for personaity.

The worship of Mars may have the controlled press and concentration camps on its side but the moral structure of the universe and its ultimate reality is Christ's.

WE THANK YOU

In behalf of the American Legion Auxiliary, Carmel Unit No. 512, I wish to express deep appreciation for all the co-operation given us in the sponsoring of this edition of "The Californian." For all contributions—whether of articles, poems, advertisements or donations in cash—we are most grateful as through these contributions we are enabled to carry on our welfare work here in Carmel.

(Signed) RENE W. MOORE,
Sec'y Carmel Unit No. 512.

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SOME HIGHLIGHTS OF LOCAL LEGION HISTORY

The Carmel American Legion Post No. 512 stands today as one of Carmel's most firmly rooted civic organizations. The present status has been achieved only because of the devoted service of many of its leaders who have carried the organization through the infant and adolescent periods, over the mistakes and difficulties that beset embryonic associations, to the point where a stable and well-seasoned membership predicts an auspicious future.

The remodelled Manzanita Club offers many club features and will prove to be a popular gathering place. The main room will serve as a meeting place not only for the Legion and Auxiliary but will increasingly tend to serve the needs of various Carmel social and civic groups. The comfort of the new lounge room will appeal to men and women alike while the bar and card room will cater to the sophisticate.

The American Legion was formed at the close of the World War to hold aloft the principles set forth in the preamble to the Legion constitution:

"For God and Country we associate ourselves together for the following purposes. To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred per cent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of the individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom, and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness."

The formation of the local American Legion Post is typical of Carmel's desire to remain apart and pursue its activities in its own individualistic manner. The numerous Carmelites who journeyed across the hill to attend the meetings of Monterey Peninsula Post No. 41 came to the conclusiont that intimate fellowship and the real objectives of the Legion would be promoted to greater advantage upon the formation of a local post. On June 11, 1934, a group of interested Legionnaires met in the Manzanita Club House for the express purpose of organizing a local post. Floyd Mangrum, the chairman of the first meeting, pointed out that a local post would work for the betterment of Carmel, create a friendlier feeling among the local Legionnaires and make it easier for the local members to attend meetings. The response of those present indicated the feasibility and desirability of carrying the proposal into action. A sizeable contribution on the part of Colonel Kenney of American Legion Paris Post No. 1 insured the financial success of the preliminary venture and it was unanimously decided that a local post be organized immediately after the State convention, August 15, 1934.

On August 20, 1934, the Carmel Legion Post was organized with the election of the following officers: Commander, James Regan; First Vice-Commander, W. H. Landers; Second Vice-Commander, P. H. Hudgins, Adjt., Lee Gottfried; Finance Officer, Gubriel Burnette; Sergeant-at-Arms, Fred McIndoe; Chaplain, Melvin Dorsett; Historian, O. W. Bardarson; Executive Committee, Byington Ford, Donald Hale, Jo Mora, Williard Whitney, and M. J. Peterson. The major activities of the

(Continued on page 20)

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(From Stars ad Stripes)
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F.D.D.—No, if the General who pins the decoration on you kisses you (as is apt to be the case), don't try to kiss him back. The chances are that yo'ud get the worst of the bargain, as he, having given out so many decorations, is sure to be a much more expert kisser than you are. Just salute, shake hands if he offers to, and try to look modest. That last is pretty hard, for no one can blame you for being proud to the point of bursting.

S.L.—When invited to go on a road mending party, always accept. Roadmending is one of the most exclusively outdoor sports now being purusued in France and points adjacent, and proficiency in it is sure to lead the way to social, if not military, favor. In fact it is being followed by an ever increasing number of the scions of the Chinese aristocracy.

C.W.M.—If you want to show off the fact that you came over via Liverpool and England instead of to one of the base ports in France, refer to all the junior officers in your mess as "Mr."—never as lieutenant. If you do slip and say lieutenant, be sure to catch yourself in time to pronounce it "leftenant." That will at once prompt the query, "Oh, you came over by way of England, didn't you, you lucky stiff?" And then the field is clear for any anecdotes you may want to spring.

W.A.R.—When the colonel makes a speech at a Y.M.C.A. Sunday night gathering, don't cheer too loud. If he's one of the kind of colonels that likes to make speeches on Sunday nights, he should be treated in exactly the same way that one treats all Sunday night speakers—courteously, but firmly Under no consideration, try to give him the Chautauqua salute; in the first place you know yourself that you haven't a clean handkerchief to your name, and in the second it might unnerve the colonel so much that he would start to yodel, or worse. And that, you know would never, never do.

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POINT LOBOS MAKES FINE ANIMAL RESERVE

Point Lobos reserve will remain in its primitive state as free as possible from artificial development, the California State Park Commission decided in approving the report of the advisory committee which for two years has been making a study of this noteworthy unit of the State Park system in Monterey county, south of Carmel.

For many years one of the celebrated beauty spots of the West, this rugged promontory on the seacoast, with its grove of windblown Monterey cypress, was acquired by the state in 1933.

Recognizing its unique qualities, the commision enlisted the aid of an advisory committee of scientists and experts in park and landscape matters, in outlining a master plan and a statement of administrative poliey which would insure public enjoyment of the highest values of Point Lobos and at the same time preserve from destruction its primitive character.

As a refuge for wild life and a protected area for native plants and wild flowers, Point Lobos is shown by the reports of the specialists in zoology and botany to be exceptionally worth preserving.

The Monterey cypress and Monterey pines are only two of many rare tree species found here. The wealth of bird and animal life is due to the undisturbed nature of the area, according to scientists.

Observation of the annual cycle of wild life at the Point has been reported upon by J. Grinnell and Jean Linsdale of the Museum of Vertebrate Zoology of the University of California in an extensive report with many illustrations.

Of primary interest to visitors are the many species of birds, including the pelicans and gulls that nest on Bird Rocks at the south end of the reserve, and two species of sea lions that inhabit Seal Rocks off shore from Cypress Headland.

In fact, the name "Point Lobos" is derived from the presence of these animals. The Spanish name is "Punta de los Lobos Marinos" (sea wolves).

NOT QUITE RIPE

Four year old Susanne went to call on her aunt the other day and found that the pet cat had just had a litter of kittens.

Susanne was entranced with one tiny kitten and asked if she could take it home with her. "Oh, no," the aunt explained, "the little kittens aren't old enough to eat yet."

"I don't want to eat it," protested Susanne, "I only want to play with it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Walk is greater than talk, and it is much more easy to talk about our walk than walk our talk.—Dan Crawford.

Post 512

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- WEAVING LOOMS
- SEWING SETS
- KNITTING SETS
- PAINTINGSETS
- TELEGRAPH SETS
- DRAWING BOOKS
- BICYCLES
- SODA FOUNTAIN SETS
- WAGONS, SCOOTERS
- BOOKS
- TRAINS
- AIRPLANE MODELS
- LOG CABIN SETS
- PIANOS
- MOVIE PROJECTORS
- CHAIRS, TABLES

AND MILLIONS OF OTHERS! 46 DEPARTMENTS

GREETINGS FROM SUNSET SCHOOL

THE NATIVITY PLAY

By JACQUELINE KLEIN

Once again Sunset School children are preparing for their annual presentation of a Nativity Play under the direction of Miss Madelain Currey. This year's performance will be a Christmas cantata based on the lengends and on the scriptural story of the birth of Jesus. Incidental dialogue will form the background for action and costuming. The music will consist of old carols with words which closely follow the Scriptural story. There will be certain quaint, medieval interpretations of the characters and dramatization of the episodes.

STUDENT BODY AT SUNSET

By DICK WILLIAMS

"We the people of the United States"—how often you hear that phrase. It means the people of this country are united as one by their government, and the same is at our school. Here in Sunset the student body handles most of the various things that confront the school. It is a splendid opportunity for the students to develop self-government, leadership for those who are in charge, cooperation among the students, and it also develops a school spirit in a way that it gives them a chance to do many more things. If more schools could only develop this system it would be a splendid opportunity for the children and helps them to overcome many obstacles. This year the student body takes charge of several new committees. The Clean-Up and Traffic committees are under supervision of the student body and many other groups. Considering everything the children are mighty lucky in having the self-government that they have here.

PING PONG TOURNAMENT

By ALICE VIDORONI

Among many of the enjoyments and games of Sunset School, there is a new game which has been a success so far. The new enjoyment is ping pong.

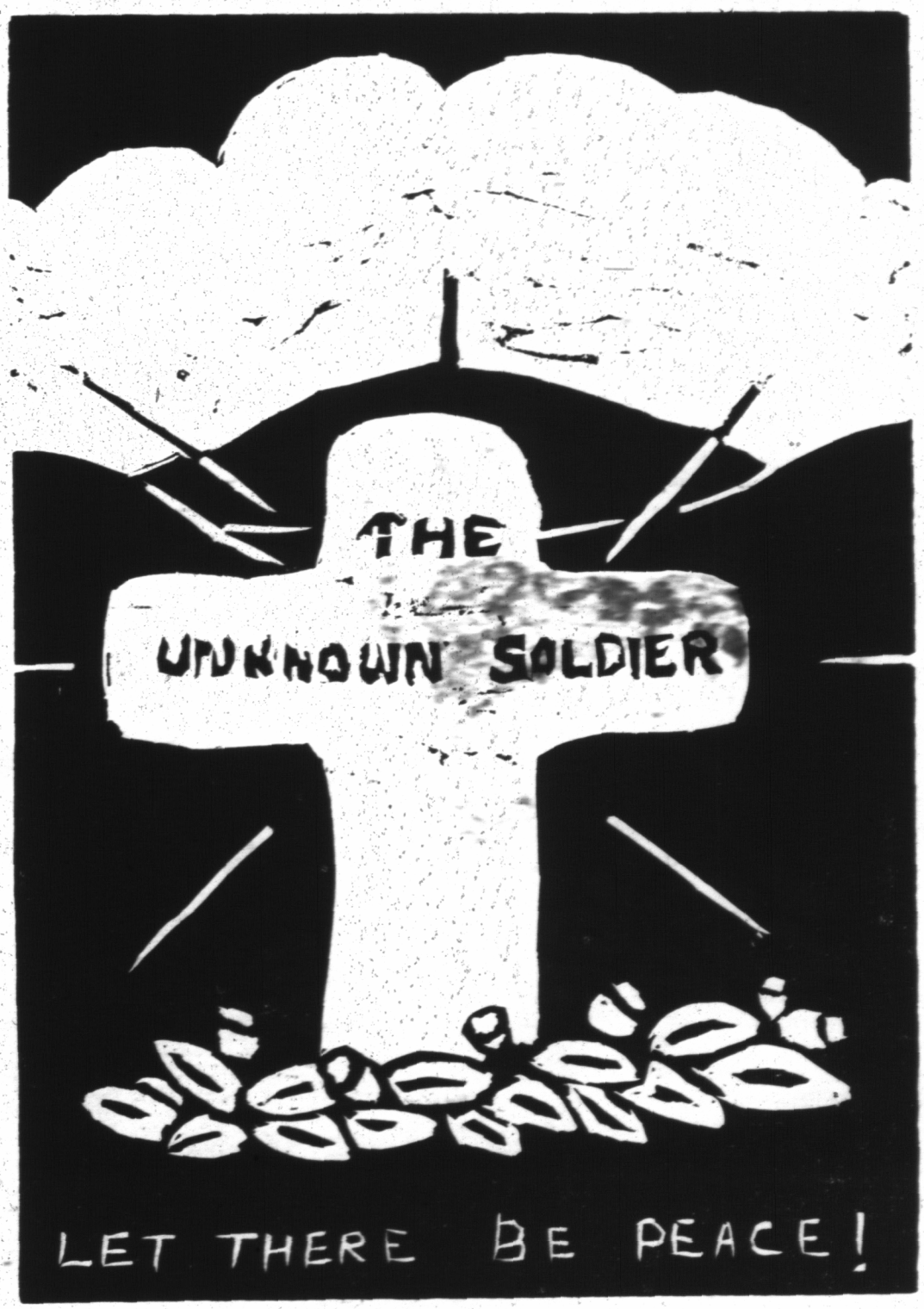
For the past two weeks the Seventh and Eighth grades have been having a tournament to see who was the champion of the boys and girls. It was found that Orville Jones was the best between the boys and Gerry Shephard for the girls. In a few days we will be starting a tournament of doubles. I am sure that all who entered found it as much fun as I did.

ARMISTICE DAY, NOV. 11

By MONTY STEARNS

Everyone has heard of the World War. On November 11 at 11 o'clock a.m. Germany surrendered. We have good reason to celebrate November 11, for it is the day when sons saw their mothers, brothers their sisters. It was also a day of sorrow for people whose friends and neighbors did not come back. Every Armistice Day we should stop a minute and think of all those that died in the World War. Many of your relations have probably been through the war and they can tell you the horror that they saw. We should set aside this day to think about Armistice, the day when the killing of many people stopped. The President's wife puts flowers on the grave of the "Unknown Soldier" one of the many that could not be recognized in the death toll of millions. These are some of the reasons we should set this day aside from all others. I hope you can understand the horror of war, the many millions that are paralyzed and killed in battle. If each country trusted each other much killing hardship and labor could be saved.

Every day you read in the paper about new war machines being invented, each one more terrible than the other; each one will spell "death" in the next war. You read on the average much more about killing than news that takes to another subject. Let us remember Armistice Day as the end of killing and horror.



THE DESERTED LIME KILN

By HOWARD LEVINSON

Last week-end the scouts from troop 86 and a few from 39 went on an overnight hike to Mill Creek. Mill Creek is a stream that runs under the big bridge about 16 miles down the coast. Mr. Hodges kindly furnished transportation for the trip. Mr. Sharp let us use his place to camp in, about 2 miles up the canyon.

Sunday we took a hike to a lime kiln that had been deserted for 30 years. When you first come up the trail you see a group of aoout 10 shacks. The best preserved of this group is the house where they used to store meat. About half way up the hill is a large house with about 9 rooms and a big balcony. This is probably where the foreman lived. Across the canyon are five large kilns about 45 feet high. At the base they are about 12 feet wide. There is one that still has the chimney. This chimney is a large affair about 15 feet high making the entire kiln about 60 feet high.

Across the river are about 15 more houses. These shacks are divided into small rooms. On the walls are some papers dated as far back as 1906. Some of the children brought these back with them.

On the top of one of the mountains is the old shaft. You could see how they mined the lime then sent it down on sleds and cable cars to the kilns. All those structures were made of the redwood that was hollowed out of the forest. The kiln was made of lime plaster.

Those who went on the trip from troop 86 are: Pat Crichton, Homer Levinson, Howard Levinson, Jack Pelton, Jimmy Welsh, Bob Farley, Jerry Neikirk, Gerald Ray, Jack Coats, Rene Bradberry, Bob Barbour and Edgar Leslie. Those from 39 were: Allen Wood, Fred McIndoe, Bill Morrison, Jr., and Bob Haller. The adults in charge were Mr. Moli, Mr. Southwell and Mr. Ballou. We had a fine trip and a fine time was had by all.

—Subscribe to The Californian, $2.00 per year.

First Carmel Armistice Day In 1921 Was Exciting Affair

By WINSOR JOSSELYN

Once upon a time Carmel decided to build a Soldiers' Memorial. The idea began soon after the Armistice in 1918, but nothing much was done about it for a couple of years. Then people began to talk it up.

By people were meant mostly the older folk, as the service men and women had enough war memorial fresh in their memories and were in no mood even to talk about war. That was, mind you, 15 years ago.

Armistice day of 1921 was coming up and what could be finer than to combine an Armistice celebration with a bang-up entertainment that would do something substantial about the memorial fund? So plans began forming to have an eye-opening celebration.

The answer is history, like the war is history. Today the memorial—that arched stone fountain at Ocean avenue and San Carlos street, minus the intended bell because some said it would be too Missionesque—stands as a placid reminder of the hectic Armistice Day of 1921.

The celebration idea spread and covered the town with an almost war-time fervor. Ex-service men at first were balky, but when somebody suggested that they were damn selfish not to want to honor their dead comrades the answer was acrid and the action was immediate.

A record of the celebration later listed Dr. McCollom, C. S. Greene and Mrs. Kluegel as Armistice Day committee heads and included Harrison Godwin, Ernest Schweninger, Thomas Vincent Cator, Argyll Campbell, Charles Van Riper, Perry Newberry and the writer as among those present in taking responsibility. Of course there were many others.

Well, sir, the day finally divided itself into three glorious parts.

First was the morning military and civil parade in the heart of town, followed by the speaking and cornerstone laying of the memorial. Second was the outdoor lunch for all and any who wished to eat under the pines, followed by go-see-people during the afternoon.

Night brought the third jewel to the setting—the big double vaudeville show that went on in two theatres at once, a triumph never before or afterwards undertaken in this region, state or nation, so far as the memory of man can recall.

By the time plans were completed, the entire peninsula was helping. The Presidio of Monterey, theatres of the three communities, casting talent that included valley cowboys and even this new thing called radio, or was it talking wireless, from as far as San Francisco.

Things clicked on that November 11, including the weather.

The morning moment of silence at 11 o'clock, the impressive memorial words by military and civil officials, including Colonel Jenkens and Mayor William T. Kibbler, and the laying of the cornerstone were all that could be asked. Over it all was a solemn feeling that war on a world scale was through, and that permanent honor was being paid to the ones gone west in ending such catastrophies.

That . . . was 15 years ago. What's this somebody just said about the next world war being around the corner? Skip it. . . .

Came the lunch under the trees on Junipero street just south of Ocean Avenue, prepared by the women of the town and right cheerfully taken in stride by soldiers, ex-soldiers, peninsula citizenry and platoons of visitors. There was food aplenty, as if somebody were rubbing a magic lamp on the tables instead of constantly opening boxes.

And there was plenty of noisy calling on these and those people throughout the sunny afternoon. Always with the prospect of going to that booming show in the evening—if you had a ticket to either the Arts and Crafts hall or the Manzanita theatre. Tickets were that scarce that hint of scalping filtered through town like wisps of fog in summer.

Never was a show better publicized. Sheer entertainment without a highbrow thought, was promised. Strange how people in those days craved low things such as laughs instead of brow-furrowing problems. Maybe that was why the show netted $346.50. But that is ahead of the story.

The theatre slaves got the double bill divided into two parts through the genius of Charles Van Riper. Each half was to start at each theatre, and as an act finished, it would pack up and go to the other place and await its turn. Worked perfectly. Not a single car turned over en route, although the Van Riper car left dust in the air half the night with its carrying-the-general speed.

Each half of the bill had four acts, climaxing with a tabloid play.

Up at the Manzanita theatre, which was on the site of the present postoffice at Ocean avenue and Mission street, the bill had Harrison Godwin and his chalk-talk cartoons; Beron's clowning; Cam Waite and Jack Gillis in a dialogue; and "Vaudevillainy", with Harrison Godwin, Ernest Schweninger and the writer in a restaurant scene, most of the

(Continued on page 15)

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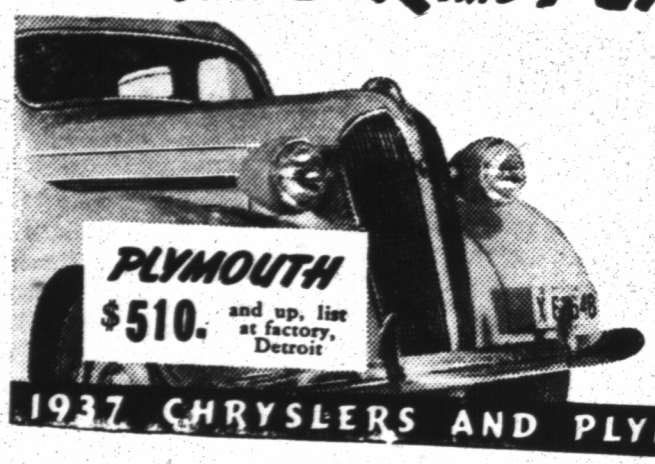

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We pray for all those who serve the people and guard the public welfare; that by thy blessing they may be enabled to discharge their duties honestly and well. We pray for our members; that by thy help they may observe the strictest justice, keep alight the fires of freedom, strive earnestly for the spirit of Democracy, and preserve untarnished our loyalty to our country and to thee.

We especially ask thy blessing and comfort for all those who are suffering the ravages of war. May our duty to them be ever alive in our minds. Finally, O God of Mercy, we remember lovingly before thee our departed heroes who received with thee the reward of life everlasting. May their splendid example guide us, now and forever. Amen.

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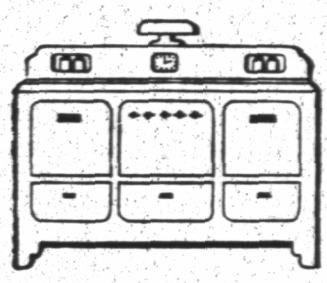

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CARMEL NOT CHANGED

SAYS EARLY PIONEER

By HAL ARROTT

For years people have been predicting that Carmel would be spoiled. But in spite of their forebodings the town is still a pretty good place to live in. Back in 1927 we were told the place was being ruined, and one family actually moved down the coast to escape the threatened commercialism.

Natives wanted to keep Carmel the way it was. They delighted in the curving dirt roads winding through the trees, the absence of curbs, concrete walks, lamp posts, neon signs in the business district. They were proud that their town had no chamber of commerce to boost it.

They were especially proud of their beach, because not a single hot dog stand or "improvement" marred its beauty. They were proud of the approaches to the town, which were free from billboards, auto camps and unsightly shacks. They liked going to the postoffice and getting their mail out of a box instead of having it delivered by carrier.

New residents were eyed with suspicion. Would they carry on the Carmel traditions. Would they help to keep the place a village. Or would they build imposing city mansions and demand "improvements."

Time has proved that the early Carmelites need not have worried. Of course we have grown. A town so blessed by Nature, so over-run by renowned personalities, could not help attracting residents. But the newcomers were as determined as old-timers to maintain the village atmosphere, and to fight the "progress" and "improvements" they had come here to avoid.

It seems to me they have won their fight. Everyone still goes to the postoffice for his mail, just as folks do in a cross-roads village. Strict zoning laws protect residents from the encroachments of business.

Our new movie theatre was not permitted to erect signs over the sidewalk. This is one town where the names of cinema stars are not spelled out in lights. Loud speakers are barred from the streets. The beach is still just as Nature left it, and we still have trees in the streets.

In some ways perhaps we have improved the old Carmel. Certainly we are more comfortable with our automatic gas floor furnaces. Fewer people embarass us by asking, "Where did Aimee live?" And fewer hang around Heron's book store hoping to see a live author.

Real estate agents used to amuse themselves mis-directing tourists to Aimee's cottage. One inquirer was told to walk straight down Ocean Avenue. "And when you come to the ocean—jump in!"

There are more arrests in Carmel than there used to be. And citizens lock their houses and cars, a thing unheard of in the old days. Fewer merchants hang signs on their doors, "Gone fishing. Will be back next week." Competition is keener. The chain stores are with us. But no organization is boosting Carmel. We have no service clubs. There are still trails and bridal paths where you may wander as freely as in the old days, when poets came here to worship Nature in one of her friendlicst moods.

No, Carmel isn't spoiled, and it isn't going to be.

"What may be called theory is much more important than most modern people who pride themselves on being practical people are inclined to suppose."—G. K. Chesterton.

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FIRST CARMEL ARMISTICE WAS EXCITING AFFAIR

(Continued from Page 10)

script being by Charlie Van Riper.

Down at the Arts and Crafts hall, now called the Green Room, the bill began with an overture; the Pathetic Weekly followed; the Ammerman Brothers in "Striking a Balance"; Landers on the concertina; and finally "Harum Scarum", with original music by Vincent Cator and the book by Argyll Campbell.

The shows started fast and got going faster. So great was the demand for tickets that people lined the walls and the backs of the theatres. They even sat on the grand piano at one side of the Manzanita theatre stage. The crowds were equalled afterward only at theatre dedications and at the famous Carmel Follies productions.

That day of celebration 15 years ago gave the impetus that resulted a year later in better than a thousand dollars being raised. The monument was built with loving care and arose almost as slowly as the Great Pyramid. Let us hope that it stands as long.

Not since then has Carmel had one of those fervent Armistice-Day whoop-and-hollers. Times, people and memories are different, although praise God there are still a few survivors to rally and clink glasses on November Eleventh.

And to to stand silent a moment at 11 a. m. and give a thought for the lads and lassies who are out beyond the sunset.

The custom, now popular in Florida of putting a symbol of one's hobby on the front door, is a revival of an early Spanish trade sign.

Quiet minds cannot be perplexed or frightened, but go on in fortune or misfortune at their own private pace, like a clock in a thunder storm. —Robert Louis Stevenson.

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CARMEL

AMERICA'S FUTURE LIES IN ITS YOUTH OF TODAY

By ROBERT R. CALKINS

America's future lies in its youth! That fact has gradually forced its way into the minds of world leaders until today, in 1936, there is a more concerted effort being made to train youth than at any other time in the history of the world.

Importance of training American youth in fundamentals of American democracy, instilling the merits of honesty, loyalty, courtesy and courage in the very lives of boys who will soon become men, is one of the most important duties which present themselves to the nation.

European nations have not overlooked the opportunity of moulding their futures by moulding the minds of their offsprings. In militaristic Germany, Italy and Japan, in labor-conscious England the youth programs undertaken in the present generation leave no doubt in the minds of the rest of the world that the training of youth is second in importance to nothing.

If America is to survive, America must train its youth—not along the same lines followed by other nations—but along lines which will prepare youth to carry on the traditions of Americanism.

In the Boy Scouts of America lies America's best opportunity to prepare its youth for its future tasks. The Boy Scouts of America are organized on the basic principles of freedom, honesty, initiative, and high-mindedness, traditionally American. Theirs are appealing, natural activities. They are imbued with the spirit of progress.

Scouting was brought to America from England in 1910, and the Boy Scouts of America was incorporated and chartered by the United States Congress in 1916, by an American who was impressed by an English scout's courtesy and desire to assist him while in need. Since that time, the Boy Scouts of America have become leaders of youth in America, the organization to which every young lad wants to belong because "the fellows are swell guys."

To the boy 12 years old, scouting means real living—hiking, camping, building, playing and learning. Scouting is the spirit of youth itself, and without this spirit Scouting would have died long ago.

"Gosh, I wish I was old enough to be a scout. Mom, when can I be a Scout and do what the rest of the kids are doing?" These are words which thousands of youngsters say every year. These are the words that keep scouting alive.

Each person who has a hand in helping a scout has a hand on the future.

Invention of a new high-temperature blast furnace which yields both iron and cement from a single process is claimed by Soviet scientists.

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E. H. Ewig, North Island, San Diego.
William Frolli, Chaumont.
Colonel Lawrence, War College, France.
Wilard Whitney, Camp Taylor, Kentucky.
Markham Johnston, Waco, Texas.
E. Schweninger, Mare Island.
Jim Regan, Paris.
Commander Peterson, New York Harbor, U.S.S. No. Carolina
Lee Gottfried, Paris.
Gail Chandler, Poissons, France.
By Ford, Base hospital No. 49, Fr.
Ray Moore, Camp Taylor, Ky.
Col. Cocke, St. Dizier, France.
Lewis Josselyn, Nantes, France.
Milt Latham, troop train, Douglas, Utah.
Fred McIndoe, Base Hosp. No. 6.
Col. Franklyn Kenney, Sea Air Service, Washington, D. C.
Corum Jackson, Troop Train, New York Docks,
Col. Wallace, Gov. North Provinces, San Domingo.
Floyd Mangrum, Stockbridge Hospital, England.
Lynn Hodges, Radio School, Cambridge, Mass.
G. Burnette, New York City.
Don Hale, Chaumont, France.
Conrad Imelman, Bordeaux.
Ed Sobrannes, Brest.
Earl Craft, France.
Herman Kern, Grevres, France.
A. C. Lafrenz, Fort McDowell, San Francisco.
Capt. Pat Hudgns, Base Hospital No 56, France.
Major Totten, Base Hosp., France.
Jack Schroeder, Fort Worden, Wn.
George Vye, 72nd Seaforth Highlanders, Valenciennes, France.
Winsor Josselyn, France.
Ben Franklin, St. Nazaire, France.
Jo Mora, Camp Taylor, Ky.
Franklyn Dixon, Royal Air Force, Hospital, London.
C. D. Wilder, Vedun.
George Chaney, Auderwardel Belgium.
Orley Holm, Camp Jackson, Columbus, S. C.
Jim Burges, Canadian Forces, on sick leave, enroute from Shetland slands.
Perry Newberry, Y.M.C.A., Fr.
A Rico, France
Dutch Stoney, Camp Kearney.
Paul Flanders, Afloat.
Andrew Gomez, France.
Ernest Morehouse, Rockwell Field.
Elmer Douglas, France.
Fred Mylar, Mareh Field, Riverside.
Hugh Comsock, Camp Cody, New Mexico.
Capt. Gleason, Navy Yard, Mare Island, Calif.
Joe Clague, Base Hospital, Walton-on-Thames England.
Major Delaney, Bordeaux.
William H. Muscutt, New York.
Lloyd Weer, San Francisco.
Major Landers, Camp Humphries, Virginia.
Guy Koepp, France.

Note: We regret that we have been unable to get in touch with all ex-service men living here, but lack of time has made this impossible.

HILLBILLY SENTIMENT

Hillbillies heard bidding each other good-bye as they parted at the front:

"Good-bye, brother. If I don't see you no more, do the best you can.

APPEAL OF OLD GARMENTS

The Sewing Center was putting on a clothing drive. Invitations were sent to a tea. Each invitation bore the postscript: "Will you please bring an old garment?"

One of the ladies accepting the invitation, wrote, "I shall be very glad to bring the old garment, but regret to inform you I shall be wearing it."

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PEACE—AND THE A.E.F.

They know deepi n their dreams,
Peace and its ancient thrills;
Peace by the singing streams,
Peace in the lonely hills;
But out from the battle hue
Here is their answer spun—
"Not till the game is through!
Not till the fight is won!"

Deep in the bitter strife,
Swept by the endless roar,
They know what they've missed of life
From years that have gone before;
But, answering, gun for gun,
Here is their last call due—
"Not till the game is won!
Not till the fight is through!"

On where the crosses grow,
On where their lost mates sleep,
They drive for the waiting foe
Out where the night is deep;
Out through the crash and din
Here is their answer spun—
"Not till the score is in!
Not till the game is won!"

They know where the home fires wait,
Far from the flaring light;
They see, in the grip of Fate,
Peace and the quiet night;
Peace and the dreams they knew—
Peace and the friendly sun—
But not till the game is through!
Not till the fight is won!

—Grantland Rice, 1st Lt., F.A.
(From Stars and Stripes, 1918)

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Counter cards from 5c to 50c Personal Greetings from $2.50 up, for 25 cards, including printing of name.

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THE LITTLE GALLERY

Rugs, Gifts, Arts

Decorative Accessories

Fred and Genevieve Butterfield

Dolores Near Ocean Carmel

FOG CAUSED NEAR PANIC AS SHIP NEARED LANDING

In July 1918, the two converted transports, Northern Pacific and the Great Northern, crossed the Atlantic without convoy and were to be picked up by the destroyers in the Bay of Biscay sometime during the last night. Due to submarine activities, the meeting did not take place as scheduled and when the destroyers finally came up through a heavy fog early in the morning, neither group was sure who the other was and the ships put out a heavy smoke screen and sounded the abandon-ship alarm, bringing all the troops tot he top decks. On the Great Northern, the white troops came up first, immediately followed by some negro Engineer troops. All that was visible of the Northern Pacific, through the smoke and fog, was about thirty feet of the bow, standing at an angle of about fortyfive degrees and looking as though it were just going down. A big negro, first in line, with his mess kit in his hand, took one look at her, rushed to the rail, threw his mess kit as far out as he could, and with the words, "Ah ain't gonna need you no mo'," started to follow the mess kit.

Luckily, an officer was close enough to stop him, and thus probably prevented the whole outfit from following him over the side. It was then the troops learned what the funny looking objects were at the head of each companionway leading to the boat deck. They were machine guns, placed there to stop just such incipient panics.

DO YOU KNOW

What popular Legionnaire holds the record of having twenty-seven pretty girls, all in one bunch, at the station to kiss him good-bye when he sailed for "Over There."

What Legionnaire was a really and truly doughboy, his commanding officer handing him a nickel car-fare for transportation home.

What well-known Carmel business man was with General Allenby when he marcehd into Jerusalem on Christmas day, 1916.

How many Gold Star Mothers we have in Carmel.

What "All-American" soldier had his first glimpse of the outside world when he took the train at Monterey for the Big Fight? (And he saw it all before he got back).

How many Carmelites fought with the British in the Dardanelles long before America entered into the fight.

TAPS

Thorne Taylor.
Leon Narvaez.

Erie, lioness in Hershey zoo, Pennsylvania, has given birth to quintuplets, three females and two males. The usual litter is two or three cubs. The cubs are kept in an electrically heated incubator and four times a day are fed goat's milk.

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Probate Judge Fred M. Wagner of Cadiz, Ohio, recently sentenced a boy brought before him for misbehavior at school to attend church for six months with his parents.

Cabalists maintain that there are seven heavens, each rising in happiness above the other, the seventh being the abode of God and the highest class of angels.

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A LITTLE HISTORY

By FREDERICK R. BECHDOLT

One day, a year or two ago, an old man died in the state of Minnesota and the papers of the nation carried the story of his pasing. For he was the last man of the famous Last Man's Club. Some who read these lines will remember that the members of this organization, which met once a year, were the surviving veterans of the First Minnesota Regiment. A few may recall the fact that the newspapers said this regiment performed heroic service during the Civil War. But the writer is willing to hazard the statement that not one reader out of one hundred has the faintest idea what that heroic service was. And yet the chances are that every one of you can give a fairly circumstantial recital of England's legend of the Charge of the Light Brigade.

Now the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava was a tame affair compared to the charge of the First Minnesota, in commemoration of which the dwindling group of white haired men used to gather around a dinner table once every year. The latter event took place on the second day of the Battle of Gettysburg. It was about midday. The center of the Union lines was occupying the summit of a low hill and was, at the moment, none too strong in numbers. Reinforcements were on their way when the Confederate forces charged this position—two brigades of Rebel infantry. At this critical juncture General Hancock rode up.

He saw the situation. The reserves were still some distance away. If the enemy was not held in check for five or ten minutes the Union Center would be broken. Gettysburg was on the verge of becoming a victory for the South. The two advancing brigades in gray were very close just then. The ground at the foot of the slope was broken by a shallow creek and a bit of marshy land beside it. The men of the First Minnesota were lying on their bellies at the summit of the hill, three hundred and sixty-two weatherstained veterans, the survivors of a regiment which had taken plenty of hard punishment in preceding battles. They were the only troops available to check the oncoming thousands. Hancock gave the order,

"Charge those lines."

The three hundred and sixty-two delivered one brief shout of appreciation as they leaped to their feet. They raved down the slope and, to make a long story short, they checked the enemy on the bad ground beyond its foot, until the reinforcements arrived. The Union center remained unbroken. And at roll call that evening The First Minnesota Regiment mustered forty-seven men.

That is a fine story. And, like some hundreds of other equally fine stories of American history, it has been forgotten by a Nation. Just to cite other examples: How many of you know the tale of the Alamo, where sixty or seventy Texans made their last stand against two thousand seasoned Mexican troops, horse, foot and artillery, and died to the last man? Or, to get down to modern days, how many of you can give an accurate recital of the exploit of the Lost Battalion in the World War? And what is more to the point, how many of you have taken any interest in seeing that the children of this generation learn of these heroic incidents?

The history of this nation is rich in colorful tradition and, no matter what Pacifists may say, the knowledge of brave deeds done by their forefathers does sow the seeds of true patriotism in the minds of children. The writer cherishes an idea that such knowledge is far more valuable than the recital of any creed of loyalty to their country's flag. For the latter is apt to become a repetition of words and the memory of brave stories never dies.

The history of this nation is filled with many fine things besides deeds of arms. And some of these chapters, perhaps the most of them, are as yet omitted from our text books. The manner in which our people moved into the west; the characters of these different waves of migration toward the setting sun; the growth of our Constitution from its original into its present form. These are some of the matters of which the average man and woman are grossly ignorant. And they are matters which every child should understand before he reaches high school.

Not very long ago, for instance, a speaker addressing an audience of women in these parts, stated that the constitution of his forefathers was plenty good enough for him. The sad part of this story lies, not so much in the fact that the orator was seeking office on the national ticket of one of the major parties, as in the fact that a great many of the ladies in his audience applauded his statement vigorously. And, if the constitution of their forefathers had remained intact, not one of those ladies would have been able to vote.

The point which this writer is trying to aim at is this: it is easy to express our desire for real patriotism, but to attain such patriotism by learning what our country is made of and how the making came about seems to be a bit too much work for many of us. And until we do learn these things we have not attained the understanding on which genuine patriotism is based.

Miss Mary Spade and Miss Bess Lou Farley entertained at a dinner Saturday evening in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Miles Bain, Mrs. Bain being the former Marian Henndricks of San Mateo.

SOME HIGHLIGHTS OF LOCAL LEGION HISTORY

(Continued from page 6)

first year involved completion of organization details, support of the Boy Scouts, the preparation of a huge Christmas party for the children of Carmel, and attention to topics involving attitudes on Americanism. Several outside speakers contributed to the meetings.

On July 1, 1935, Byington Ford came into office as Commander of the Legion Post. The assignment of definite responsibility for the program planning for the meetings proved to be a successful innovation. Excellent speakers brought to the Legion members a wealth of interesting information based in many cases on first-hand experience. A bold attempt to undertake the financing of a Major Bowes Unit in Carmel resulted in an evening of fine amateur entertainment but unfortunately failed to provide additional funds for the Legion exchequer. The definite sponsorship of Boy Scout Troop 86 was in line with the Legion's desire to contribute constructively to the community. The appearance of Congressman Mcrath and Candidate Alonzo Baker afforded a pre-view of Democrat and Republican aspirants for Congress. In addition to a wide and varied outline of activities carried on during the past year must be mentioned the definite launching of a plan to remodel the Legion Hall in order to make it suitable and desirable for the social and business purposes of the local Post and Auxiliary and possibly to attract other groups.

The Legion Auxiliary under the leadership of Mrs. Martin J. Peterson (Katherine Brocklebank) sponsored one of the finest meetings of the year, featuring Don Blanding, "The Vagabond Poet". The faculty and the members of the board of trustees of the Sunset School were the honor guests of an evening which attracted a large audience. Don Blanding with his magnificent artistry carried his audience to a state of complete mental relaxation and emotional enjoyment. The Auxiliary may well look forward to a year of pleasant and stimulating experiences.

For the current year the mantle of Commander fell on the shoulders of Carmel's former mayor, James Thoburn. Commander Thoburn's quiet manner and dignity should prove a great asset to the American Legion.

From the newly elected National Commander of the American Legion, Harry W. Colmery, comes the clear-cut, rational comment: "Our best weapon is education of the men and women, old and young, of what it means to be an American citizen, and of the responsibility which the citizen has, under a free Government, to know, understand and be able to solve the problems of Government, if he is to remain a free man." Throughout the country thousands of local posts will re-emphasize this statement of policy.

NOT WHAT THEY THOUGHT

The scene is somewhere in France in a freight yard. The actors are several doughboys on the loose. Seeing an open freight car door one doughboy says. "Let's see what's in there." They spy several wicker-covered jugs with printing in French on the outsides. Second doughboy says, "Gosh! that looks like wine; grab one and let's beat it.

Later in a safe place the doughboys eagerly gather around the interesting looking jug. But when the cover is taken off they find, not the wine they expected, but butter. The remarks that are uttered by said doughboys cannot be printed.

SISTER OF LOCAL WOMAN IS MARRIED IN HAWAII

At the Little Church of the Crossroads in Honolulu on the evening of October 29, Miss Elizabeth Willson of that city became the bride of Mr. John Hugh Baker of Hilo, Hawaii. Immediately following the ceremony a reception was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Hallett N. De Gaa, after which Mr. and Mrs. Baker sailed for Hilo.

Mrs. Baker and Mrs De Gaa are sisters of Mrs. Ray Moore of Carmel and have visited here many times.

BOY SCOUT COURT OF HONOR FRIDAY

A Boy Scout Court of Honor meeting will be held in the Sunset School auditorium at 7:45 p.m., on Friday, November 13th. Troop No. 86, Troop No. 39 and the Sea Scouts will participate in the ceremonies. All people interested in the Boy Scouts and their fine program of Americanism are urged to attend.

The curtain will open on a colorful flag scene. Following the pledge to the flag there will be a recitation of "In Flanders Field" and a poem on peace.

The main part of the Court of Honor program will center on a discussion on Peace. Practical points will be outlined which will bring us nearer to the achievement of the ideal of Peace. Dick Williams, president of the Sunset School student body, will give the opening talk and trace the growth of the ideal of peace through the ages. Bud Brownell, Freer Gottfried, Jack Pelton and Homer Levinson will stress four points that would be factors in the attainment of world-wide peace.

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THE FLAG

The United States flag is the third oldest of the National Standards of the world; older than the Union Jack of Great Britain or the Tricolor of France.

The United States flag is unique in the deep and noble significance of its message to the entire world—a message of national independence, of individual liberty, of idealism, of patriotism.

The flag was first authorized by Congress June 14, 1777. This date is now observed as Flag Day throughout America.

The flag was first flown from Fort Stanwix, on the site of the present city of Rome, New York, on August 3, 1777. It was under fire three days later in the battle of Oriskany, Aug. 6, 1777.

The name Old Glory was given to our flag on August 10, 1831, by Captain William Driver of the brig, Charles Doggett.

The flag was first carried in battle at the Brandywine, September 11th, 1777.

The flag first rose over thirteen states along the Atlantic seaboard. Today it flies over forty-eight states, extending across the continent, and over great islands of the two oceans and over one hundred thirty millions owe it allegiance. It has been brought to this proud position by love and sacrifice. Citizens have advanced it and heroes have died for it. It is the sign made visible of the strong spirit that thas brought liberty and prosperity to the people of America. It is the flag of all of us alike. Let us accord it Honor and Loyalty.

DID YOU KNOW

That the monument in the center of Ocean avenue at San Carlos is a War Memorial—dedicated to the Carmel boys who did their bit in the Great War.

That this memorial was built entirely by volunteer labor by the people of Carmel.

That one of our Legionnaires drove the first machine into Brussels the day after the Armistice was signed.

That one of our Carmelites invented a periscope used by the government during the World War.

That a well known Carmel busines man worked in hospitals in England during the World War—doing anything he could to help. He was too old for service in the army or navy and wanted to help. (And he surely did.)

That only an honorable discharge from the United States Army, Navy or Marine Corps during the World War can ever bestow on anyone membership in the American Legion. No king or president can give it to you; no act of congress can ever make you eligible; no amount of money can buy a membership; no college or university can give you entrance.—Only your loyal service in that time of need.

That a Carmel Indian fought all through the war and in 1936 received his full bonus—One Hundred per cent American!

The first modern liner, the S. S. Olympic, had a speed of nearly 15 knots an hour.

Excavations under the east side of Acropolis hill in Athens hill yielded many fragments of pottery that fit incomplete vessels in the National Museum of Greece.

Fossil bones when found, are studied, photographed and prepared before removing.

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In my poochy wanderings and wonderings, sniffings and biffings I have found most human beings human but some, to my humble canine mind, are even lower than us animals. Even lower than the squirming sneaking rattlesnake. It, at least gives a warning hiss before it strikes. But the two-legged reptile that coaxes a trusting dog or cat into his yard with a tempting piece of meat filled with strychnine poisoning is the lowest criminal on earth! And as Robert Hitchens once said, "I'll never rest until I've roused the Country to the horrors that are being perpetrated every day, every hour—upon the defenseless animals God has committed to us to be good to."

Last week I warned my doggy and catty friends to stay away from the vicinity of Dolores and Eleventh as the dog poisoner was loose again. Yesterday I received another yowling protest from one of my feline friends. The two-legged fiend is at work again. This time a pet kitten belonging to an eleven year old boy living near the evil garden, crawled upon her master's bed and died in great agony leaving bitter unhappiness in a little child's life. Now I ask my *human* friends can nothing be done to this smiling, hypocritical murderer? Can he not be punished to the limit of the law?

Well, as this issue of the Californian is devoted to Americanism it might be apro-bow-bow-pos to speak of the 100 per cent American pooch, the Boston Terrier, considered the only dog that is purely American in its origin. And whatever the fancy of the moment may be in dogs in this country, no foreign invader has seriously threatened the leadership of America's own dog, the Boston Terrier. His unbroken reign has been unique and promises to be for many years. There are more Boston Terriers bred and registered in the United States than any other type. This smart little dog has gone to Great Britain and is making many friends in the exhibitions there. Many of his kind have voyaged over a large part of the world and he is found in the most unexpected places. He is a cosmopolitan little fellow, at home anywhere, and in his travels his companionable manner and loveable ways invariably attract attention. Little wonder then, that he has been dubbed the American Gentleman. Like many another true American gentleman the Boston's ancestry does not go back into the dim past. His breed is only three score years old. But he needs no patent of nobility nor coat or arms to maintain his leading social position. To be sure, his progenitors were purely British, the bulldog and the English terrier. He has, however, developed distinctive characteristics since those early matings in the capital of the Bay State and today he is an honor to the name he bears. While at home in almost any environment, the Boston terrier has become almost a city dog since he possesses so many attributes peculiarly fitting him for life in town house or apartment. In the first place there is no smarter appearing chap in the whole world of dogs. Bright, active, intelligent, he is an ideal companion. Cleanly in his habits, his satin coat requires a minimum of bathing and grooming.

And that reminds me, got into a dogged arguegrowl the other night with a Boston Terrier, a Russian Woolfhound and a three-in-one mutt with a bow-legged mind and Communistic whiskers. Sir Wolfhound is a white Russian with noble ancestry and gentle characteristics. Mr. Boston is a plain honest-to-God citizen of the United States. We were discussing the Red Bonework. By the way, have any of you pooches read it? It's a very fine book on Who's Who and Woof-woof book of Caticalism for Dogriots. Sir Wolfhound, who escaped from the Communistic snarling squad by the end of his tail, just because he happened to have been born an aristocrat, (And they say all men are born equal,) was barking to us free-thinking Americans that if we really knew the real condition existing in Russia today we would certainly stick to our form of government, and not allow ourselves to be led around by the nose taking orders from Moscow, or any other cow for that matter. The theory of the Communists is just this "Abolition of private property."

"No," said Mr. Boston Terrier, "after I've worked hard with my paws from the time I was old enough to wag a tail, I'll be darned if I'll give up *my* bones to any dirty hound too lazy to dig for his own food."

"Then," barked Sir Wolfhound, "According to the Marx Brothers, "only mongrels are worthy of ruling all pup society because they are poor. The lowest class must fight to the finish for dictatorship in order to make everything equal."

At that Mr. Boston skinned his teeth and growled, "The Communists are certainly screw-taily. They want everything to be *equal* and yet they must have a dictator. The leaders from the *mongrels* must have all the power and money. How does that equalize things?"

Then into the dogma without being invited, barged the polyglot mutt. "Down with everything!" he yelped, and so we three downed him. And he went skulking off to join the rest of his downers and plot with them to kill all the good Americans off so they can steal our bones without working for them. It's a great life if you know where you're going. Just now I'm going to down my supper.

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The Captain's Story

By Tom Thienes

I met the captain by mere chance on the west-bound Overland Limited. Clad in civilian clothes, he was the most unimposing figure on the train. Just another tourist. Nothing distinguished him physically from the mill-run of little men, except it be the jagged scar high on his forehead. His age?—close to sixty, it would seem.

It was the freemasonry of the smoking compartment that brought us together. I held the flame of a match to his cigar, then to mine. He thanked me, rather aloofly, I thought. But his reserve was, I learned later on, born of innate shyness rather than of dignity. Marshal Joffre, too, was like that, I had been told.

Now and again, I made some trite remark to which he replied with a slow nod or a hesitant word of agreement. We at length found common ground for conversation, when I mentioned San Francisco. He had recently seen a moving picture exploiting the great fire of 1906, and in his mild way was enthused over it. He said, and was almost apologetic in admitting it, that but for the picture showing San Francisco risen phoenix-like from the flames, he would not have made this journey, his first to the Coast.

"Did you," he asked, "see that moving picture, Mr. --uh--?" I gave him my name, and answered that I had seen it; he said he was Captain Paine.

Captain Paine. . . I studied him more closely from the corner of my eye. His fixed stare, softened by a watery glaze over his eyes, somehow made me feel he had often beheld scenes blunting to the senses and now almost forgotten; a gaze expressing sheer vacuity in anyone but a war-bitten soldier Certainly, Captain Paine had been no summer soldier, no sunshine patriot.

Nobody, I told myself, would have suspected this diminutive, stle-effacing man of ever having had command of a company of doughboys. And yet, the late Lord Roberts, England's celebrated General "Bobs," scaled low in stature, to say nothing of our own Generals Hooker and Funston.

I glanced at the jagged scar on his forehead, and wondered whether a saber thrust or a flying piece of shrapnel had caused it.

"You carry a permanent service-stripe, Captain," I said, and tapped an indicative finger on my own forehead.

"Yes, I should have worn my helmet that day," he replied simply, modestly, and at once reverted to the subject of the San Francisco fire.

I sensed a story of some grilling experience under fire, and wanted it; for there's always a market for a good wartime yarn. The proverbial reluctance, however, of veteran warriors to glorify themselves was a state of mind I felt must now be reckoned with. So, I took the captain's cue and held to the subject of the great fire.

With whatever descriptive faculty I possessed, I likened the stricken city of San Francisco to the ruins of wartime Rheims, the detonations of dynamite to the thunder of the Big Berthas, the skurrying San Franciscans to the fleeing Antwerp refugees; I even taxed my imagination in recounting parts played by soldiers from the presidio, all for the purpose of conjuring up before the captain's eyes, not the holocaust by the Golden Gate, but some scene of carnage in which he had received the forehead wound. Once let him relive the episode, and his next step would be the telling of it.

Aware of his rapt attention, I flattered myself to think that my recital had fanned his recollection of that vaster conflagration — world war. The rheumy blur of his eyes seemed to have cleared somewhat, as if a film of forgetfulness had lifted from his vision of the past.

He moistened his colorless lips with the tip of his tongue and gave a little cough to clear the husk of his throat. I felt this to be the psychological moment for me to pause. Doubtless he intended to say something revealing.

"You know," he presently began, "what you said about the fire reminds me of—" he broke off as a colored waiter thrust his head into the smoking compartment and cried, "Last call for luncheon!"

A passenger, gnawing a toothpick then entered, and seating himself directly opposite us, produced his cigar case. My feeling of resentment of this intrusion was unreasonable, I admit. But I wanted the captain's story, and believed that though he probably would have yielded to adroit suggestion, he would not perform before a larger audience. ....

I invited him to have luncheon with me. After all, material for a good story was worth the price of a meal, even a Pullman car meal.

All the small tables in the diner were taken. The steward seated us with a couple of tourists at a table for four. I urged the captain to order unstintingly. He said he usually ate his big meal at night, and suggested that I order while he looked over the menu. Maybe he thought it would never do to order a full meal if I selected only a sandwich. Hungry, I ordered everything on the carte, from soup to the printer's name. The captain said he'd take the same and have coffee with his food.

I ate leisurely, hoping that by the time our dessert was served our end of the diner would be free of all patrons save ourselves. I wanted no more distraction once the captain began to tell his story. During the meal, we said very little to one another; it was a situation that might have savored of restraint, but for the incessant chattering of the couple sharing our table.

At length, luncheon over, we had the table to ourselves, and our end of the diner was otherwise deserted. The waiter again filled our goblets and placed the bill on the table. I dropped seven dollars on the salver and told him to keep the change, my generous tip calculated to impress, or rather influence, the captain. Surely with such prodigality as I displayed, to the captain would be no less lavish with his words.

I leaned forward with my elbows on the table, ready for his story, and lighted a cigar. The waiter, solicitous of his improvident patron, hastened to the table and adjusted the ash tray precisely in front of me, then, receiving an impatient nod from me, moved a short distance away.

"Captain," I suavely began, "in the smoking compartment, you started to say that my description of the San Francisco fire reminded you of something, but you were interrupted."

He gave a little cough and took a sip of water. The waiter, bringing up rapidly at our table, seized the carafe and refilled the goblet. I glared at him, and he shuffled down the aisle. It piqued me to be thwarted so often. Damit, we could fill our own goblets. And I was through with beating around the bush.

"Captain," I said in a business-like manner, "tell me about the day you forgot your helmet and were wounded."

"Oh, that!" He turned his rheumy eyes ceilingward, reflectively, as if to reel-in the thread of his story before unwinding it. "Let me see—it was back in '98."

"During the Spanish-American War?"

"Yes, the same year," he indifferently replied.

"Yes, yes," I encouraged.

"Yes," he resumed, "I was on duty at the local cobbler's fire, and bent over the sidewalk to pick up a flat hose when one of my men suddenly turned the water on full force; the brass nozzle flew out of my hands and whacked me on the head. The man who played the trick on me was jealous, because I had been appointed captain of the Millville Volunteer Fire Department hook-an'-ladder crew. But say, that story you told me about the Frisco fire reminds me of—"

"Don't say 'Frisco,'" I said petulently, and stood up to go.

(The end)

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By De Massa

Armistice in London Town.
Through Autumn haze
The sun's looked down
On growing throngs,
With muted laugh
Fore-gathered round
The cenotaph
Since before dawn.

Four guards of honor
Representing three
Of the Empire Colonies
And one in Blue—
The King's Navy—
Square out the base
Of the cenotaph.
To the death salute
Colors and flags drip
From their standards
In mournful grace.

The London Bobby and Regiment
Hem back the crowd.
Packed tight against the buildings,
From Trafalgar Square to Big Ben.

As from the Mall the Royal Guards,
In full regalia, head the procession
Down Whitehall through the Arch.
The Mother Queen and Lizabeth
In full attendance appears,
Greeted with stifled cheers,
On a balcony.

At slow march the procession
Lines past the Cenotaph.
From a gun carriage
The King's wreath is handed him
Then Princes and other Dignitaries
Each place their floral offering
And one the Queen's—at the base
Of the empty tomb—then pass
To their allotted place.

Big Ben's first Boom
Of the Eleventh hour—
Flashed over the Radio
Is the decree in England
For all mechanized things
To cease—
A great silence falls—
The roaring beast
Of cities noise dies
With the hiss
Of gull and pigeon wings
Wheeling to rest at this
Unaccustomed hush.

That which we acquire with the most difficulty we retain the longest; as those who have earned a fortune are usually more careful of it than those who have inherited one.—Colton.

One of the oldest men ever to be registered at San Quentin prison has started serving a sentence. He is Joseph Ross, 83 year old Yuba county resident, who was convcted of improper conduct toward a 5 year old girl.

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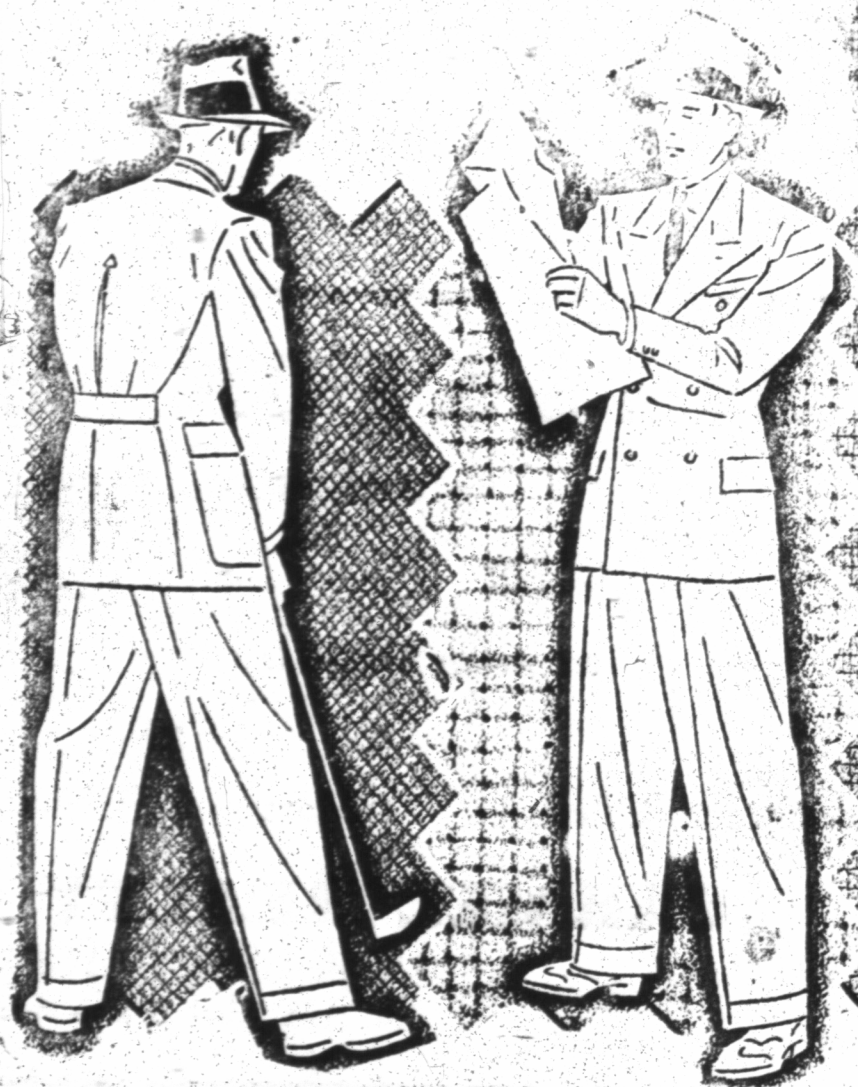

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